

the relentless work of this organization that minority construction contractors have been able to achieve equality, opportunity, and prosperity.

(At the request of Mr. REID, the following statements were ordered to be printed in the RECORD.)

#### IN PRAISE OF FATHERS

• Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, Sunday is Father's Day. The third Sunday in June is a lovely time of year, and a perfect time for any celebration. This year, it is also the first day of summer—the best day of summer, before the weather is too hot, before bugs mar the beauty of fresh green leaves and weeds threaten to smother the garden, before we are tired of marveling at the smooth green of a freshly mown lawn. On this Sunday, we thank both our heavenly Father and our earthly father for all that is good and strong and vibrantly beautiful in our lives.

Although scientists say that some smells can trigger strong memories, I think that there are certain sounds that many people instantly associate with fathers. The keening whine of a power tool, the droning buzz of a lawn mower on a Saturday morning, the grunt and clank of tools in tight places, the quiet scrape of a razor over a stubbled chin, the slow tread of a tired man coming home in the evening, or even the nighttime chorus of snores—these are the everyday sounds of fathers that provide the quiet sounds during a peaceful childhood. Other father sounds may have occurred less frequently, but still trigger their own quick smiles of recall—the slap of a baseball into a worn glove, perhaps, or the gentle splash of a fishing lure hitting the water, that remind us of pastimes enjoyed together.

On Sunday, fathers will be feted with brunches or barbecues. They may open a few gifts and some funny cards. Mother's Day might warrant more sentimentality, but Father's Day seems to call for a more humorous approach—perhaps so that fathers will not be embarrassed by any teary-eyed show of emotion. It is enough, for many fathers, to get a card at all, and to have all the attention focused on him. Most fathers are not much given to displays of emotion or sentimental speeches.

A father's love is expressed through his presence and the endless labor that he expends to care for his family. His love is expressed through his actions, and all the sounds that accompany them. My own Dad was a quiet man, but he saved his cake from lunch to give to me. He listened attentively to my recitations and my fiddle playing, and he made sure that I had paper and pencils to draw with as a child. Without words, he showed me how much he cared.

An untitled poem by an unknown poet captures the unspoken love that fathers find easier to express:

Fathers seldom say, "I love you"  
Though the feeling's always there,

But somehow those three little words  
Are the hardest ones to share.  
And fathers say, "I love you"  
In ways that words can't match—  
With tender bedtime stories—  
Or a friendly game of catch!  
You can see the words "I love you"  
In a father's boyish eyes  
When he runs home, all excited,  
With a poorly wrapped surprise.  
A father says, "I love you"  
With his strong helping hands—  
With a smile when you're in trouble  
With the way he understands.  
He says, "I love you" haltingly,  
With awkward tenderness—  
(It's hard to help a four-year-old into a party dress!)  
He speaks his love unselfishly  
By giving all he can  
To make some secret dream come true,  
Or follow through a plan.  
A father's seldom-spoken love  
Sounds clearly through the years—  
Sometimes in peals of laughter,  
Sometimes through happy tears.  
Perhaps they have to speak their love  
In a fashion all their own.  
Because the love that fathers feel  
Is too big for words alone!

Mr. President, we can all remember times in our own lives when our fathers let us know that they were proud of us. We remember the words of praise, the thumbs up, the smile or simply his quiet presence at some long ago event. An occasion was important, if our father made the time to be there. This Sunday is our chance to return the favor and make the occasion important for him, by our presence at brunch, or by the grill, or on the phone. He will appreciate the effort, even if he may find it difficult to show just how much it means to him.●

#### WEST VIRGINIA DAY

• Mr. BYRD. Mr. President, on June 20, 1863, West Virginia became the 35th State in our great Union. This coming Saturday, West Virginia will celebrate those 146 years of statehood, so I say, "Happy Birthday, West Virginia!" I might also add, "and many more!" It is a happy day.

West Virginians will celebrate the State's birthday in many different ways. In the myriad State parks and forests, special programs may be enjoyed amid the majestic scenery, views of endless, rolling hills, and rushing, tumbling white water with which the Creator has blessed us. At the Haddad Riverfront Park in Charleston, an outdoor concert will entertain the crowds with music and fun. Blenko Glass, in Milton, has produced another stunning artwork in molten, hand blown glass in honor of West Virginia Day. Across the State, local arts festivals and historic reenactments will celebrate the history and talents of West Virginia.

West Virginia Day is a wonderful day to celebrate all that is unique about our great State. Of her 55 counties, 47 were named after notable individuals. Some counties derive their names from Revolutionary War heroes like Francis Marion and the Marquis de Lafayette. Others are named after U.S. Presidents

and Vice Presidents, including Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, and Grant; or notable politicians such as Senator Henry Clay of Kentucky. Just three county names reference the State's English heritage—Hampshire County, named after the county in England; Berkeley County, named after the Royal Governor of Virginia, Norborne Berkeley; and Raleigh County, named after the English explorer Sir Walter Raleigh.

Several counties are named after prominent Virginians, reflective of West Virginia's origins as a part of the Commonwealth of Virginia. Still other county names commemorating frontiersmen like Daniel Boone and Lewis Wetzel remind us of West Virginia's time at the fringes of the American union, when the Nation was still young and growing. Counties named after Native Americans like the Mingo Chief Logan, Powhatan princess Pocahontas, and the Mingo tribe, however, speak to West Virginia's even earlier history. Five county names celebrate natural features like rivers or the minerals that are West Virginia's great natural treasure.

The stories of all these people, places, and things help to tell the history of West Virginia. It is a rich, complex and fascinating tale full of hope and hardship, triumph and tragedy. From the Native Americans who lived and hunted these rich woodlands, to the hearty settlers who built new lives in the hollows and along the rivers, West Virginia is full of unwritten history marked only by trails, mounds, campsites, and old homesteads. Modern history is built of soft red brick and bright limestone, iron rail lines and asphalt highways painstakingly carved through the hills. Every county is full of scenic drives, history, natural wonders, beautiful handcrafted goods and foods, and—most of all—welcoming people.

Throughout her history, the State's motto has shone through: "Mountaineers are always free." West Virginians value grit and hard work put forth by individuals. Populated by hardworking families and individuals, West Virginians also value their close-knit communities. You can see that spirit whenever natural disasters bring neighbors together to work together in the aftermath of storm or flood. The same friendly atmosphere fills the many festivals and celebrations held throughout the State virtually every weekend.

I urge those listening to come and explore West Virginia. We are closer than you think, but thanks to the mountains that have shaped our history, still quiet and unspoiled. I know that I may be a little bit biased, but West Virginia is my favorite State, full of never ending variety and great beauty in every season. From the colonial and Civil War history in the eastern panhandle's Harper's Ferry and Berkeley Springs, to the whitewater adventures offered on the Gauley and other rivers,